

Short Poetic Dream 20210111000528499825

Texts Used: Beowulf by Anonymous

This text was remixed using a “Dream Filter”, or a Python-coded text processor, by [Thomas Park](#). The purpose is, rather than rendering a narrative, emulating a dream.

Then blood sprang forth from the wounds of the body. Then the creature bereft of all joy came to the great hall, and the door, strongly bound with fire-bands, soon sprang open at his touch. Then the creature bereft of all joy came to the great hall, and the door, strongly bound with fire-bands, soon sprang open at his touch.

His body sprang apart when after his death he suffered a stroke, a hard battle-swing; and then he struck off his head.

And then he looked on the hall, and turned to the wall. And well nigh every councillor throughout all the world remembered him well.

For long had he been despised, so that the warriors of the Geats looked not upon him as a good man, nor did the lord of troops esteem him as of much worth on the mead-bench.

Then first was I ruling the Danish folk, and in my youthful days possessed the costly jewels, the treasure city of heroes.

Then the good kinsman of Hygelac remembered the evening talk, and stood upright and laid hold upon him. Then said an old spear-warrior who remembered all that had happened, the death of men by spears (his mind was grim), and he began with sorrowful mind to seek out the thought of the young champion by broodings of the heart, and to awaken the war-bales, and this is what he said: "Canst thou recognize, my friend, the dire sword which thy father carried to the battle, under the visored helm, on that last journey, when the Danes slew him and had the battle-field in their power, when Withergyld lay dead after the fall of the heroes?

His body sprang apart when after his death he suffered a stroke, a hard battle-swing; and then he struck off his head. And then he looked on the hall, and turned to the wall.

It is the heirloom of Hrethel the work of Weland ; and let Weird go as it will.' Hrothgar gave answer, the protector of the Danes: 'O my friend Beowulf, now thou hast sought us, for defence and for favour.

For long had he been despised, so that the warriors of the Geats looked not upon him as a good man, nor did the lord of troops esteem him as of much worth on the mead-bench.

And there was the monster at grips with him, yet he remembered the main strength the wide and ample gift which God gave to him, and trusted in the favour of the Almighty for himself, for comfort and help by which he vanquished the enemy and overcame the hell-sprite. There shall a man covered with sins be biding a mickle doom as the shining Creator will prescribe.' Then was the man silent, the son of Ecglaf, in his boasting speech about deeds of battle, when the Athelings looked at the hand high up on the roof, by the craft of the earl, and the fingers of the foe, there before each one. Then the young noble looked on the giant's work as he sat on a seat musing by the cliff wall, how arches of rock, firmly on columns held the eternal earth-house within.

Then he called to mind the favour that he (Beowulf) had bestowed upon him in days of yore, the costly dwelling of the Waegmundings and all the folk-rights which his father had possessed.

And then he looked on the hall, and turned to the wall.

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And there was the monster at grips with him, yet he remembered the main strength the wide and ample gift which God gave to him, and trusted in the favour of the Almighty for himself, for comfort and help by which he vanquished the enemy and overcame the hell-sprite. And after his death-day a no little fame sprang up for Sigmund when he, the hard in battle, killed the worm, the guardian of the hoard.

And may God be thanked, the eternal lord, that I lingered in life, till I looked with mine eyes on that head stained with sword-blood after the old strife.

Then he called to mind the favour that he (Beowulf) had bestowed upon him in days of yore, the costly dwelling of the Waegmundings and all the folk-rights which his father had possessed.

There shall a man covered with sins be biding a mickle doom as the shining Creator will prescribe.' Then was the man silent, the son of Ecglaf, in his boasting speech about deeds of battle, when the Athelings looked at the hand high up on the roof, by the craft of the earl, and the fingers of the foe, there before each one.

His sinews sprang open; and the bone-lockers burst.

Then he called to mind the favour that he (Beowulf) had bestowed upon him in days of yore, the costly dwelling of the Waegmundings and all the folk-rights which his father had possessed.

The lord of the Geats (Hygelac) son of Hrethel, rewarded with very costly gifts the battle onset of Eofor and Wulf when he got back to his palace, and bestowed upon each of them a hundred thousand, of land and locked rings.

His body sprang apart when after his death he suffered a stroke, a hard battle-swing; and then he struck off his head. Then he who had sought elsewhere more at large a resting-place, a bed after bower, was easily found when he was shown and told most truly, by the token so clear, the hate of the hell-thane.

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And by him stood drinking-cups and flagons, and dishes were lying there and a costly sword, all rusty and eaten through as though they had rested a thousand winters in the bosom of the earth.

For long had he been despised, so that the warriors of the Geats looked not upon him as a good man, nor did the lord of troops esteem him as of much worth on the mead-bench. The lady of the Helmings went round about every one of the youthful warriors, and proffered the costly cup, until the time came that the ring-adorned Queen, most excellent in spirit, bore the mead-cup then to Beowulf.

Right soon the proud warriors, they who with Hrothgar, looked forth on the sea, could easily see, that the surging water was all stained with blood and the grey-haired ancients spoke together about the good man, that they deemed not the Atheling would ever again come seeking the famous Prince Hrothgar glorying in victory, for it seemed unto many that the sea-wolf had destroyed him. And after his death-day a no little fame sprang up for Sigmund when he, the hard in battle, killed the worm, the guardian of the hoard.

And in the earth-house were all kinds of ancient treasures, such as I know not what man of great thoughts had hidden there in days of old, the immense heirlooms of some noble race, costly treasures. For long had he been despised, so that the warriors of the Geats looked not upon him as a good man, nor did the lord of troops esteem him as of much worth on the mead-bench.

The lady of the Helmings went round about every one of the youthful warriors, and proffered the costly cup, until the time came that the ring-adorned Queen, most excellent in spirit, bore the mead-cup then to Beowulf.

Then the creature bereft of all joy came to the great hall, and the door, strongly bound with fire-bands, soon sprang open at his touch.

And it is not farther hence than the space of a mile where standeth the lake, over which are hanging the frosted trees, their wood fast by the roots, and shadowing the water.

Right soon the proud warriors, they who with Hrothgar, looked forth on the sea, could easily see, that the surging water was all stained with blood and the grey-haired ancients spoke together about the good man, that they deemed not the Atheling would ever again come seeking the famous Prince Hrothgar glorying in victory, for it seemed unto many that the sea-wolf had destroyed him.

Then the good kinsman of Hygelac remembered the evening talk, and stood upright and laid hold upon him.

The Danish Beowulf, the dear King of his people, was a long time renowned amongst the folk in the cities (his father, the Prince, had gone a-faring elsewhere from this world).

Do thou this day be patient in every kind of trouble as I also hope to be.' The old man leapt up and gave thanks to God, the mighty Lord, for the words of Beowulf. His body sprang apart when after his death he suffered a stroke, a hard battle-swing; and then he struck off his head.

And it is not farther hence than the space of a mile where standeth the lake, over which are hanging the frosted trees, their wood fast by the roots, and shadowing the water.

Meanwhile the famed in battle let the fallow mares leap and go faring forth to the contest, wherever the earth-ways seemed fair unto them and well known for their choiceness: and the thane of the king, he who was laden with many a vaunt, and was mindful of songs, and remembered a host of very many old sagas, he found other words, but bound by the truth. Right soon the proud warriors, they who with Hrothgar, looked forth on the sea, could easily see, that the surging water was all stained with blood and the grey-haired ancients spoke together about the good man, that they deemed not the Atheling would ever again come seeking the famous Prince Hrothgar glorying in victory, for it seemed unto many that the sea-wolf had destroyed him.

Nor could any man in the world reproach him for that reward, since they had gained glory by fighting; and he gave to Eofor his only daughter, she who graced his homestead, to wed as a favour. Then he called to mind the favour that he (Beowulf) had bestowed upon him in days of yore, the costly dwelling of the Waegmundings and all the folk-rights which his father had possessed.

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seeking the famous Prince Hrothgar glorying in victory, for it seemed unto many that the sea-wolf had destroyed him.

The flood boiled with blood and with hot gore (the folk looked upon it). Then the good kinsman of Hygelac remembered the evening talk, and stood upright and laid hold upon him. And by him stood drinking-cups and flagons, and dishes were lying there and a costly sword, all rusty and eaten through as though they had rested a thousand winters in the bosom of the earth.

Then he called to mind the favour that he (Beowulf) had bestowed upon him in days of yore, the costly dwelling of the Waegmundings and all the folk-rights which his father had possessed.

Then said an old spear-warrior who remembered all that had happened, the death of men by spears (his mind was grim), and he began with sorrowful mind to seek out the thought of the young champion by broodings of the heart, and to awaken the war-bales, and this is what he said: "Canst thou recognize, my friend, the dire sword which thy father carried to the battle, under the visored helm, on that last journey, when the Danes slew him and had the battle-field in their power, when Withergyld lay dead after the fall of the heroes? Then he who had sought elsewhere more at large a resting-place, a bed after bower, was easily found when he was shown and told most truly, by the token so clear, the hate of the hell-thane. There shall a man covered with sins be biding a mickle doom as the shining Creator will prescribe.' Then was the man silent, the son of Ecglaf, in his boasting speech about deeds of battle, when the Athelings looked at the hand high up on the roof, by the craft of the earl, and the fingers of the foe, there before each one. Then he called to mind the favour that he (Beowulf) had bestowed upon him in days of yore, the costly dwelling of the Waegmundings and all the folk-rights which his father had possessed.

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Then the young noble looked on the giant's work as he sat on a seat musing by the cliff wall, how arches of rock, firmly on columns held the eternal earth-house within. And there was the monster at grips with him, yet he remembered the main strength the wide and ample gift which God gave to him, and trusted in the favour of the Almighty for himself, for comfort and help by which he vanquished the enemy and overcame the hell-sprite.

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The flood boiled with blood and with hot gore (the folk looked upon it).

Meanwhile the famed in battle let the fallow mares leap and go faring forth to the contest, wherever the earth-ways seemed fair unto them and well known for their choiceness: and the thane of the king, he who was laden with many a vaunt, and was mindful of songs, and remembered a host of very many old sagas, he found other words, but bound by the truth.

The lady of the Helmings went round about every one of the youthful warriors, and proffered the costly cup, until the time came that the ring-adorned Queen, most excellent in spirit, bore the

mead-cup then to Beowulf.

And well nigh every councillor throughout all the world remembered him well. Right soon the proud warriors, they who with Hrothgar, looked forth on the sea, could easily see, that the surging water was all stained with blood and the grey-haired ancients spoke together about the good man, that they deemed not the Atheling would ever again come seeking the famous Prince Hrothgar glorying in victory, for it seemed unto many that the sea-wolf had destroyed him. And each was loathsome to the other while he lived.

It is the heirloom of Hrethel the work of Weland ; and let Weird go as it will.' Hrothgar gave answer, the protector of the Danes: 'O my friend Beowulf, now thou hast sought us, for defence and for favour.

Do thou this day be patient in every kind of trouble as I also hope to be.' The old man leapt up and gave thanks to God, the mighty Lord, for the words of Beowulf. His sinews sprang open; and the bone-lockers burst.

Then he called to mind the favour that he (Beowulf) had bestowed upon him in days of yore, the costly dwelling of the Waegmundings and all the folk-rights which his father had possessed. There shall a man covered with sins be biding a mickle doom as the shining Creator will prescribe.' Then was the man silent, the son of Ecglaf, in his boasting speech about deeds of battle, when the Athelings looked at the hand high up on the roof, by the craft of the earl, and the fingers of the foe, there before each one.

The flood boiled with blood and with hot gore (the folk looked upon it). Then first was I ruling the Danish folk, and in my youthful days possessed the costly jewels, the treasure city of heroes. For long had he been despised, so that the warriors of the Geats looked not upon him as a good man, nor did the lord of troops esteem him as of much worth on the mead-bench.

Do thou this day be patient in every kind of trouble as I also hope to be.' The old man leapt up and gave thanks to God, the mighty Lord, for the words of Beowulf.

And they looked on Wiglaf; he the foot-warrior sat aweary near to the shoulders of his lord, and sought to rouse him by sprinkling water upon him, but he succeeded not at all. Then first was I ruling the Danish folk, and in my youthful days possessed the costly jewels, the treasure city of heroes.

For long had he been despised, so that the warriors of the Geats looked not upon him as a good man, nor did the lord of troops esteem him as of much worth on the mead-bench.

Then he who had sought elsewhere more at large a resting-place, a bed after bower, was easily found when he was shown and told most truly, by the token so clear, the hate of the hell-thane.

Meanwhile the famed in battle let the fallow mares leap and go faring forth to the contest, wherever the earth-ways seemed fair unto them and well known for their choiceness: and the thane of the king, he who was laden with many a vaunt, and was mindful of songs, and remembered a host of very many old sagas, he found other words, but bound by the truth.

And in the earth-house were all kinds of ancient treasures, such as I know not what man of great thoughts had hidden there in days of old, the immense heirlooms of some noble race, costly treasures.

Then the good kinsman of Hygelac remembered the evening talk, and stood upright and laid hold upon him. And they looked on Wiglaf; he the foot-warrior sat aweary near to the shoulders of his lord, and sought to rouse him by sprinkling water upon him, but he succeeded not at all.

And he began to throw water upon him, until the power of speech broke through his mind, and Beowulf spake, and with sorrow he looked upon the hoard.

Do thou this day be patient in every kind of trouble as I also hope to be.' The old man leapt up and gave thanks to God, the mighty Lord, for the words of Beowulf.

There shall a man covered with sins be biding a mickle doom as the shining Creator will prescribe.' Then was the man silent, the son of Ecglaf, in his boasting speech about deeds of battle, when the Athelings looked at the hand high up on the roof, by the craft of the earl, and the fingers of the foe, there before each one. And by him stood drinking-cups and flagons, and dishes were lying there and a costly sword, all rusty and eaten through as though they had rested a thousand winters in the bosom of the earth. And in the earth-house were all kinds of ancient treasures, such as I know not what man of great thoughts had hidden there in days of old, the immense heirlooms of some noble race, costly treasures.

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And may God be thanked, the eternal lord, that I lingered in life, till I looked with mine eyes on that head stained with sword-blood after the old strife.

And then he looked on the hall, and turned to the wall. Do thou this day be patient in every kind of trouble as I also hope to be.' The old man leapt up and gave thanks to God, the mighty Lord, for the words of Beowulf.

The lord of the Geats (Hygelac) son of Hrethel, rewarded with very costly gifts the battle onset of Eofor and Wulf when he got back to his palace, and bestowed upon each of them a hundred thousand, of land and locked rings. And there was the monster at grips with him, yet he remembered the main strength the wide and ample gift which God gave to him, and trusted in the favour of the Almighty for himself, for comfort and help by which he vanquished the enemy and overcame the hell-sprite.

Then said an old spear-warrior who remembered all that had happened, the death of men by spears (his mind was grim), and he began with sorrowful mind to seek out the thought of the young champion by broodings of the heart, and to awaken the war-bales, and this is what he said: "Canst thou recognize, my friend, the dire sword which thy father carried to the battle, under the visored helm, on that last journey, when the Danes slew him and had the battle-field

in their power, when Withergyld lay dead after the fall of the heroes? And in the earth-house were all kinds of ancient treasures, such as I know not what man of great thoughts had hidden there in days of old, the immense heirlooms of some noble race, costly treasures.

And he began to throw water upon him, until the power of speech broke through his mind, and Beowulf spake, and with sorrow he looked upon the hoard. And there was the monster at grips with him, yet he remembered the main strength the wide and ample gift which God gave to him, and trusted in the favour of the Almighty for himself, for comfort and help by which he vanquished the enemy and overcame the hell-sprite.

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Nor could any man in the world reproach him for that reward, since they had gained glory by fighting; and he gave to Eofor his only daughter, she who graced his homestead, to wed as a favour.

Then the good kinsman of Hygelac remembered the evening talk, and stood upright and laid hold upon him.

And each was loathsome to the other while he lived.

Then he called to mind the favour that he (Beowulf) had bestowed upon him in days of yore, the costly dwelling of the Waegmundings and all the folk-rights which his father had possessed. Right soon the proud warriors, they who with Hrothgar, looked forth on the sea, could easily see, that the surging water was all stained with blood and the grey-haired ancients spoke together about the good man, that they deemed not the Atheling would ever again come seeking the famous Prince Hrothgar glorying in victory, for it seemed unto many that the sea-wolf had destroyed him. For long had he been despised, so that the warriors of the Geats looked not upon him as a good man, nor did the lord of troops esteem him as of much worth on the mead-bench.

His sinews sprang open; and the bone-lockers burst.

Then said an old spear-warrior who remembered all that had happened, the death of men by spears (his mind was grim), and he began with sorrowful mind to seek out the thought of the young champion by broodings of the heart, and to awaken the war-bales, and this is what he

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Hrothgar spake and looked upon the hilt, the old heirloom on which was written the beginning of the ancient feud since the flood, the all-embracing ocean slew the giant race, when they bore themselves presumptuously.

The lord of the Geats (Hygelac) son of Hrethel, rewarded with very costly gifts the battle onset of Eofor and Wulf when he got back to his palace, and bestowed upon each of them a hundred thousand, of land and locked rings. The flood boiled with blood and with hot gore (the folk looked upon it).

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And it is not farther hence than the space of a mile where standeth the lake, over which are hanging the frosted trees, their wood fast by the roots, and shadowing the water.

Then the creature bereft of all joy came to the great hall, and the door, strongly bound with fire-bands, soon sprang open at his touch.

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And each was loathsome to the other while he lived.

It is the heirloom of Hrethel the work of Weland ; and let Weird go as it will.' Hrothgar gave answer, the protector of the Danes: 'O my friend Beowulf, now thou hast sought us, for defence and for favour.

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Then he who had sought elsewhere more at large a resting-place, a bed after bower, was easily found when he was shown and told most truly, by the token so clear, the hate of the hell-thane.

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For long had he been despised, so that the warriors of the Geats looked not upon him as a good man, nor did the lord of troops esteem him as of much worth on the mead-bench.

Hrothgar spake and looked upon the hilt, the old heirloom on which was written the beginning of the ancient feud since the flood, the all-embracing ocean slew the giant race, when they bore themselves presumptuously. Hrothgar spake and looked upon the hilt, the old heirloom on which was written the beginning of the ancient feud since the flood, the all-embracing ocean slew the giant race, when they bore themselves presumptuously.

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that head stained with sword-blood after the old strife.

His body sprang apart when after his death he suffered a stroke, a hard battle-swing; and then he struck off his head.

And well nigh every councillor throughout all the world remembered him well. For long had he been despised, so that the warriors of the Geats looked not upon him as a good man, nor did the lord of troops esteem him as of much worth on the mead-bench.

Then he who had sought elsewhere more at large a resting-place, a bed after bower, was easily found when he was shown and told most truly, by the token so clear, the hate of the hell-thane. Do thou this day be patient in every kind of trouble as I also hope to be.' The old man leapt up and gave thanks to God, the mighty Lord, for the words of Beowulf.

And in the earth-house were all kinds of ancient treasures, such as I know not what man of great thoughts had hidden there in days of old, the immense heirlooms of some noble race, costly treasures.

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And each was loathsome to the other while he lived.

And he began to throw water upon him, until the power of speech broke through his mind, and Beowulf spake, and with sorrow he looked upon the hoard.

Then he who had sought elsewhere more at large a resting-place, a bed after bower, was easily found when he was shown and told most truly, by the token so clear, the hate of the hell-thane. Nor could any man in the world reproach him for that reward, since they had gained glory by fighting; and he gave to Eofor his only daughter, she who graced his homestead, to wed as a favour.

The lord of the Geats (Hygelac) son of Hrethel, rewarded with very costly gifts the battle onset of Eofor and Wulf when he got back to his palace, and bestowed upon each of them a hundred thousand, of land and locked rings. And by him stood drinking-cups and flagons, and dishes were lying there and a costly sword, all rusty and eaten through as though they had rested a thousand winters in the bosom of the earth.

And by him stood drinking-cups and flagons, and dishes were lying there and a costly sword, all rusty and eaten through as though they had rested a thousand winters in the bosom of the earth. Then said an old spear-warrior who remembered all that had happened, the death of men by spears (his mind was grim), and he began with sorrowful mind to seek out the thought of the young champion by broodings of the heart, and to awaken the war-bales, and this is what he said: "Canst thou recognize, my friend, the dire sword which thy father carried to the battle, under the visored helm, on that last journey, when the Danes slew him and had the battle-field

in their power, when Withergyld lay dead after the fall of the heroes?

Right soon the proud warriors, they who with Hrothgar, looked forth on the sea, could easily see, that the surging water was all stained with blood and the grey-haired ancients spoke together about the good man, that they deemed not the Atheling would ever again come seeking the famous Prince Hrothgar glorying in victory, for it seemed unto many that the sea-wolf had destroyed him. And he began to throw water upon him, until the power of speech broke through his mind, and Beowulf spake, and with sorrow he looked upon the hoard.

And there was the monster at grips with him, yet he remembered the main strength the wide and ample gift which God gave to him, and trusted in the favour of the Almighty for himself, for comfort and help by which he vanquished the enemy and overcame the hell-sprite. And there was the monster at grips with him, yet he remembered the main strength the wide and ample gift which God gave to him, and trusted in the favour of the Almighty for himself, for comfort and help by which he vanquished the enemy and overcame the hell-sprite.

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And they looked on Wiglaf; he the foot-warrior sat aweary near to the shoulders of his lord, and sought to rouse him by sprinkling water upon him, but he succeeded not at all. For long had he been despised, so that the warriors of the Geats looked not upon him as a good man, nor did the lord of troops esteem him as of much worth on the mead-bench.

And after his death-day a no little fame sprang up for Sigmund when he, the hard in battle, killed the worm, the guardian of the hoard.

Meanwhile the famed in battle let the fallow mares leap and go faring forth to the contest, wherever the earth-ways seemed fair unto them and well known for their choiceness: and the thane of the king, he who was laden with many a vaunt, and was mindful of songs, and remembered a host of very many old sagas, he found other words, but bound by the truth. Then blood sprang forth from the wounds of the body. And then he looked on the hall, and turned to the wall.

It is the heirloom of Hrethel the work of Weland ; and let Weird go as it will.' Hrothgar gave answer, the protector of the Danes: 'O my friend Beowulf, now thou hast sought us, for defence and for favour.

And then he looked on the hall, and turned to the wall. Then first was I ruling the Danish folk, and in my youthful days possessed the costly jewels, the treasure city of heroes.

Hrothgar spake and looked upon the hilt, the old heirloom on which was written the beginning of the ancient feud since the flood, the all-embracing ocean slew the giant race, when they bore themselves presumptuously.

Then the creature bereft of all joy came to the great hall, and the door, strongly bound with fire-bands, soon sprang open at his touch.

Then he called to mind the favour that he (Beowulf) had bestowed upon him in days of yore, the costly dwelling of the Waegmundings and all the folk-rights which his father had possessed.

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And by him stood drinking-cups and flagons, and dishes were lying there and a costly sword, all rusty and eaten through as though they had rested a thousand winters in the bosom of the earth. And in the earth-house were all kinds of ancient treasures, such as I know not what man of great thoughts had hidden there in days of old, the immense heirlooms of some noble race, costly treasures.

Then the young noble looked on the giant's work as he sat on a seat musing by the cliff wall, how arches of rock, firmly on columns held the eternal earth-house within.

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Then the young noble looked on the giant's work as he sat on a seat musing by the cliff wall, how arches of rock, firmly on columns held the eternal earth-house within.

And may God be thanked, the eternal lord, that I lingered in life, till I looked with mine eyes on that head stained with sword-blood after the old strife.

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The lord of the Geats (Hygelac) son of Hrethel, rewarded with very costly gifts the battle onset of Eofor and Wulf when he got back to his palace, and bestowed upon each of them a hundred thousand, of land and locked rings.

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Do thou this day be patient in every kind of trouble as I also hope to be.' The old man leapt up and gave thanks to God, the mighty Lord, for the words of Beowulf.

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For long had he been despised, so that the warriors of the Geats looked not upon him as a good man, nor did the lord of troops esteem him as of much worth on the mead-bench.

Nor could any man in the world reproach him for that reward, since they had gained glory by

fighting; and he gave to Eofor his only daughter, she who graced his homestead, to wed as a favour. The lord of the Geats (Hygelac) son of Hrethel, rewarded with very costly gifts the battle onset of Eofor and Wulf when he got back to his palace, and bestowed upon each of them a hundred thousand, of land and locked rings.

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Then he called to mind the favour that he (Beowulf) had bestowed upon him in days of yore, the costly dwelling of the Waegmundings and all the folk-rights which his father had possessed. And it is not farther hence than the space of a mile where standeth the lake, over which are hanging the frosted trees, their wood fast by the roots, and shadowing the water. Then the creature bereft of all joy came to the great hall, and the door, strongly bound with fire-bands, soon sprang open at his touch.

Then the young noble looked on the giant's work as he sat on a seat musing by the cliff wall, how arches of rock, firmly on columns held the eternal earth-house within.

And each was loathsome to the other while he lived.

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There shall a man covered with sins be bidding a mickle doom as the shining Creator will prescribe.' Then was the man silent, the son of Ecglaf, in his boasting speech about deeds of battle, when the Athelings looked at the hand high up on the roof, by the craft of the earl, and the fingers of the foe, there before each one.

And in the earth-house were all kinds of ancient treasures, such as I know not what man of great thoughts had hidden there in days of old, the immense heirlooms of some noble race, costly treasures. Nor could any man in the world reproach him for that reward, since they had gained glory by fighting; and he gave to Eofor his only daughter, she who graced his homestead, to wed as a favour.

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His body sprang apart when after his death he suffered a stroke, a hard battle-swing; and then he struck off his head.

And he began to throw water upon him, until the power of speech broke through his mind, and Beowulf spake, and with sorrow he looked upon the hoard. Then said an old spear-warrior who remembered all that had happened, the death of men by spears (his mind was grim), and he began with sorrowful mind to seek out the thought of the young champion by broodings of the heart, and to awaken the war-bales, and this is what he said: "Canst thou recognize, my friend, the dire sword which thy father carried to the battle, under the visored helm, on that last journey, when the Danes slew him and had the battle-field in their power, when Withergyld lay dead after the fall of the heroes?

And after his death-day a no little fame sprang up for Sigmund when he, the hard in battle, killed the worm, the guardian of the hoard.

And may God be thanked, the eternal lord, that I lingered in life, till I looked with mine eyes on that head stained with sword-blood after the old strife.

Hrothgar spake and looked upon the hilt, the old heirloom on which was written the beginning of the ancient feud since the flood, the all-embracing ocean slew the giant race, when they bore themselves presumptuously.

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And well nigh every councillor throughout all the world remembered him well.

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And there was the monster at grips with him, yet he remembered the main strength the wide and ample gift which God gave to him, and trusted in the favour of the Almighty for himself, for comfort and help by which he vanquished the enemy and overcame the hell-sprite. The lord of the Geats (Hygelac) son of Hrethel, rewarded with very costly gifts the battle onset of Eofor and Wulf when he got back to his palace, and bestowed upon each of them a hundred thousand, of land and locked rings.

The flood boiled with blood and with hot gore (the folk looked upon it). And then he looked on the hall, and turned to the wall. The lady of the Helmings went round about every one of the youthful warriors, and proffered the costly cup, until the time came that the ring-adorned Queen, most excellent in spirit, bore the mead-cup then to Beowulf. The lord of the Geats (Hygelac) son of Hrethel, rewarded with very costly gifts the battle onset of Eofor and Wulf when he got back to his palace, and bestowed upon each of them a hundred thousand, of land and locked rings. And then he looked on the hall, and turned to the wall. Do thou this day be patient in every kind of trouble as I also hope to be.' The old man leapt up and gave thanks to God, the mighty Lord, for the words of Beowulf.

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Then the good kinsman of Hygelac remembered the evening talk, and stood upright and laid hold upon him.

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Do thou this day be patient in every kind of trouble as I also hope to be.' The old man leapt up and gave thanks to God, the mighty Lord, for the words of Beowulf.

Meanwhile the famed in battle let the fallow mares leap and go faring forth to the contest, wherever the earth-ways seemed fair unto them and well known for their choiceness: and the thane of the king, he who was laden with many a vaunt, and was mindful of songs, and remembered a host of very many old sagas, he found other words, but bound by the truth.

His sinews sprang open; and the bone-lockers burst.

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Right soon the proud warriors, they who with Hrothgar, looked forth on the sea, could easily see, that the surging water was all stained with blood and the grey-haired ancients spoke together about the good man, that they deemed not the Atheling would ever again come seeking the famous Prince Hrothgar glorying in victory, for it seemed unto many that the sea-wolf had destroyed him. And after his death-day a no little fame sprang up for Sigmund when he, the hard in battle, killed the worm, the guardian of the hoard.

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Then the creature bereft of all joy came to the great hall, and the door, strongly bound with fire-bands, soon sprang open at his touch.

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Hrothgar spake and looked upon the hilt, the old heirloom on which was written the beginning of the ancient feud since the flood, the all-embracing ocean slew the giant race, when they bore themselves presumptuously. Nor could any man in the world reproach him for that reward, since they had gained glory by fighting; and he gave to Eofor his only daughter, she who graced his homestead, to wed as a favour.

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Then the young noble looked on the giant's work as he sat on a seat musing by the cliff wall, how arches of rock, firmly on columns held the eternal earth-house within. And by him stood drinking-cups and flagons, and dishes were lying there and a costly sword, all rusty and eaten through as though they had rested a thousand winters in the bosom of the earth.

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It is the heirloom of Hrethel the work of Weland ; and let Weird go as it will.' Hrothgar gave answer, the protector of the Danes: 'O my friend Beowulf, now thou hast sought us, for defence and for favour.

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And there was the monster at grips with him, yet he remembered the main strength the wide and ample gift which God gave to him, and trusted in the favour of the Almighty for himself, for comfort and help by which he vanquished the enemy and overcame the hell-sprite.

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Then the good kinsman of Hygelac remembered the evening talk, and stood upright and laid hold upon him.

And there was the monster at grips with him, yet he remembered the main strength the wide and ample gift which God gave to him, and trusted in the favour of the Almighty for himself, for comfort and help by which he vanquished the enemy and overcame the hell-sprite. Nor could any man in the world reproach him for that reward, since they had gained glory by fighting; and he gave to Eofor his only daughter, she who graced his homestead, to wed as a favour.

Meanwhile the famed in battle let the fallow mares leap and go faring forth to the contest, wherever the earth-ways seemed fair unto them and well known for their choiceness: and the thane of the king, he who was laden with many a vaunt, and was mindful of songs, and remembered a host of very many old sagas, he found other words, but bound by the truth.

And they looked on Wiglaf; he the foot-warrior sat aweary near to the shoulders of his lord, and sought to rouse him by sprinkling water upon him, but he succeeded not at all.

Do thou this day be patient in every kind of trouble as I also hope to be.' The old man leapt up and gave thanks to God, the mighty Lord, for the words of Beowulf.

Then he called to mind the favour that he (Beowulf) had bestowed upon him in days of yore, the costly dwelling of the Waegmundings and all the folk-rights which his father had possessed.

Then blood sprang forth from the wounds of the body.

And in the earth-house were all kinds of ancient treasures, such as I know not what man of great thoughts had hidden there in days of old, the immense heirlooms of some noble race, costly treasures. The lord of the Geats (Hygelac) son of Hrethel, rewarded with very costly gifts the battle onset of Eofor and Wulf when he got back to his palace, and bestowed upon each of them a hundred thousand, of land and locked rings.

Meanwhile the famed in battle let the fallow mares leap and go faring forth to the contest, wherever the earth-ways seemed fair unto them and well known for their choiceness: and the thane of the king, he who was laden with many a vaunt, and was mindful of songs, and remembered a host of very many old sagas, he found other words, but bound by the truth.

Do thou this day be patient in every kind of trouble as I also hope to be.' The old man leapt up and gave thanks to God, the mighty Lord, for the words of Beowulf.

And it is not farther hence than the space of a mile where standeth the lake, over which are hanging the frosted trees, their wood fast by the roots, and shadowing the water.

Right soon the proud warriors, they who with Hrothgar, looked forth on the sea, could easily see, that the surging water was all stained with blood and the grey-haired ancients spoke together about the good man, that they deemed not the Atheling would ever again come seeking the famous Prince Hrothgar glorying in victory, for it seemed unto many that the sea-wolf had destroyed him. It is the heirloom of Hrethel the work of Weland ; and let Weird go as it will.' Hrothgar gave answer, the protector of the Danes: 'O my friend Beowulf, now thou hast sought us, for defence and for favour.

The lady of the Helmings went round about every one of the youthful warriors, and proffered the costly cup, until the time came that the ring-adorned Queen, most excellent in spirit, bore the mead-cup then to Beowulf. And each was loathsome to the other while he lived. Nor could any man in the world reproach him for that reward, since they had gained glory by fighting; and he gave to Eofor his only daughter, she who graced his homestead, to wed as a favour. Then blood sprang forth from the wounds of the body.

And then he looked on the hall, and turned to the wall.

The lady of the Helmings went round about every one of the youthful warriors, and proffered the costly cup, until the time came that the ring-adorned Queen, most excellent in spirit, bore the mead-cup then to Beowulf.

Then he who had sought elsewhere more at large a resting-place, a bed after bower, was easily found when he was shown and told most truly, by the token so clear, the hate of the hell-thane.

Then said an old spear-warrior who remembered all that had happened, the death of men by spears (his mind was grim), and he began with sorrowful mind to seek out the thought of the young champion by broodings of the heart, and to awaken the war-bales, and this is what he said: "Canst thou recognize, my friend, the dire sword which thy father carried to the battle, under the visored helm, on that last journey, when the Danes slew him and had the battle-field in their power, when Withergyld lay dead after the fall of the heroes?

Then blood sprang forth from the wounds of the body. Then the good kinsman of Hygelac remembered the evening talk, and stood upright and laid hold upon him.

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And by him stood drinking-cups and flagons, and dishes were lying there and a costly sword, all rusty and eaten through as though they had rested a thousand winters in the bosom of the earth. And well nigh every councillor throughout all the world remembered him well. And after his death-day a no little fame sprang up for Sigmund when he, the hard in battle, killed the worm, the guardian of the hoard.

And he began to throw water upon him, until the power of speech broke through his mind, and Beowulf spake, and with sorrow he looked upon the hoard.

And then he looked on the hall, and turned to the wall.

Hrothgar spake and looked upon the hilt, the old heirloom on which was written the beginning of

the ancient feud since the flood, the all-embracing ocean slew the giant race, when they bore themselves presumptuously.

And they looked on Wiglaf; he the foot-warrior sat aweary near to the shoulders of his lord, and sought to rouse him by sprinkling water upon him, but he succeeded not at all. His sinews sprang open; and the bone-locks burst. And after his death-day a no little fame sprang up for Sigmund when he, the hard in battle, killed the worm, the guardian of the hoard.

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Do thou this day be patient in every kind of trouble as I also hope to be.' The old man leapt up and gave thanks to God, the mighty Lord, for the words of Beowulf.

There shall a man covered with sins be biding a mickle doom as the shining Creator will prescribe.' Then was the man silent, the son of Ecglaf, in his boasting speech about deeds of battle, when the Athelings looked at the hand high up on the roof, by the craft of the earl, and the fingers of the foe, there before each one. And they looked on Wiglaf; he the foot-warrior sat aweary near to the shoulders of his lord, and sought to rouse him by sprinkling water upon him, but he succeeded not at all.

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And then he looked on the hall, and turned to the wall.

Then he called to mind the favour that he (Beowulf) had bestowed upon him in days of yore, the costly dwelling of the Waegmundings and all the folk-rights which his father had possessed.

Then the creature bereft of all joy came to the great hall, and the door, strongly bound with fire-bands, soon sprang open at his touch.

And after his death-day a no little fame sprang up for Sigmund when he, the hard in battle, killed the worm, the guardian of the hoard. And they looked on Wiglaf; he the foot-warrior sat aweary near to the shoulders of his lord, and sought to rouse him by sprinkling water upon him, but he succeeded not at all.

The flood boiled with blood and with hot gore (the folk looked upon it).

And in the earth-house were all kinds of ancient treasures, such as I know not what man of great thoughts had hidden there in days of old, the immense heirlooms of some noble race,

costly treasures.

And after his death-day a no little fame sprang up for Sigmund when he, the hard in battle, killed the worm, the guardian of the hoard.

Hrothgar spake and looked upon the hilt, the old heirloom on which was written the beginning of the ancient feud since the flood, the all-embracing ocean slew the giant race, when they bore themselves presumptuously. And it is not farther hence than the space of a mile where standeth the lake, over which are hanging the frosted trees, their wood fast by the roots, and shadowing the water. Then the young noble looked on the giant's work as he sat on a seat musing by the cliff wall, how arches of rock, firmly on columns held the eternal earth-house within.

Nor could any man in the world reproach him for that reward, since they had gained glory by fighting; and he gave to Eofor his only daughter, she who graced his homestead, to wed as a favour. And each was loathsome to the other while he lived.

Meanwhile the famed in battle let the fallow mares leap and go faring forth to the contest, wherever the earth-ways seemed fair unto them and well known for their choiceness: and the thane of the king, he who was laden with many a vaunt, and was mindful of songs, and remembered a host of very many old sagas, he found other words, but bound by the truth.

And well nigh every councillor throughout all the world remembered him well.

Then the creature bereft of all joy came to the great hall, and the door, strongly bound with fire-bands, soon sprang open at his touch. And there was the monster at grips with him, yet he remembered the main strength the wide and ample gift which God gave to him, and trusted in the favour of the Almighty for himself, for comfort and help by which he vanquished the enemy and overcame the hell-sprite.

There shall a man covered with sins be biding a mickle doom as the shining Creator will prescribe.' Then was the man silent, the son of Ecglaf, in his boasting speech about deeds of battle, when the Athelings looked at the hand high up on the roof, by the craft of the earl, and the fingers of the foe, there before each one. And he began to throw water upon him, until the power of speech broke through his mind, and Beowulf spake, and with sorrow he looked upon the hoard.

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Then he called to mind the favour that he (Beowulf) had bestowed upon him in days of yore, the costly dwelling of the Waegmundings and all the folk-rights which his father had possessed.

And after his death-day a no little fame sprang up for Sigmund when he, the hard in battle, killed the worm, the guardian of the hoard. For long had he been despised, so that the warriors of the Geats looked not upon him as a good man, nor did the lord of troops esteem him as of much worth on the mead-bench.

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And well nigh every councillor throughout all the world remembered him well. Hrothgar spake and looked upon the hilt, the old heirloom on which was written the beginning of the ancient feud since the flood, the all-embracing ocean slew the giant race, when they bore themselves presumptuously.

His body sprang apart when after his death he suffered a stroke, a hard battle-swing; and then he struck off his head. Then the good kinsman of Hygelac remembered the evening talk, and stood upright and laid hold upon him. The flood boiled with blood and with hot gore (the folk looked upon it). The Danish Beowulf, the dear King of his people, was a long time renowned amongst the folk in the cities (his father, the Prince, had gone a-faring elsewhere from this world).

Do thou this day be patient in every kind of trouble as I also hope to be.' The old man leapt up and gave thanks to God, the mighty Lord, for the words of Beowulf.

And he began to throw water upon him, until the power of speech broke through his mind, and Beowulf spake, and with sorrow he looked upon the hoard. His body sprang apart when after his death he suffered a stroke, a hard battle-swing; and then he struck off his head.

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The lady of the Helmings went round about every one of the youthful warriors, and proffered the costly cup, until the time came that the ring-adorned Queen, most excellent in spirit, bore the mead-cup then to Beowulf. His body sprang apart when after his death he suffered a stroke, a hard battle-swing; and then he struck off his head.

Meanwhile the famed in battle let the fallow mares leap and go faring forth to the contest, wherever the earth-ways seemed fair unto them and well known for their choiceness: and the thane of the king, he who was laden with many a vaunt, and was mindful of songs, and remembered a host of very many old sagas, he found other words, but bound by the truth.

And there was the monster at grips with him, yet he remembered the main strength the wide and ample gift which God gave to him, and trusted in the favour of the Almighty for himself, for comfort and help by which he vanquished the enemy and overcame the hell-sprite. The Danish Beowulf, the dear King of his people, was a long time renowned amongst the folk in the cities (his father, the Prince, had gone a-faring elsewhere from this world). The flood boiled with blood and with hot gore (the folk looked upon it).

Then first was I ruling the Danish folk, and in my youthful days possessed the costly jewels, the treasure city of heroes. And by him stood drinking-cups and flagons, and dishes were lying there and a costly sword, all rusty and eaten through as though they had rested a thousand winters in the bosom of the earth. And it is not farther hence than the space of a mile where standeth the lake, over which are hanging the frosted trees, their wood fast by the roots, and shadowing the water.

And there was the monster at grips with him, yet he remembered the main strength the wide

and ample gift which God gave to him, and trusted in the favour of the Almighty for himself, for comfort and help by which he vanquished the enemy and overcame the hell-sprite.

Then he called to mind the favour that he (Beowulf) had bestowed upon him in days of yore, the costly dwelling of the Waegmundings and all the folk-rights which his father had possessed. And in the earth-house were all kinds of ancient treasures, such as I know not what man of great thoughts had hidden there in days of old, the immense heirlooms of some noble race, costly treasures.

Then said an old spear-warrior who remembered all that had happened, the death of men by spears (his mind was grim), and he began with sorrowful mind to seek out the thought of the young champion by broodings of the heart, and to awaken the war-bales, and this is what he said: "Canst thou recognize, my friend, the dire sword which thy father carried to the battle, under the visored helm, on that last journey, when the Danes slew him and had the battle-field in their power, when Withergyld lay dead after the fall of the heroes? Then he who had sought elsewhere more at large a resting-place, a bed after bower, was easily found when he was shown and told most truly, by the token so clear, the hate of the hell-thane. For long had he been despised, so that the warriors of the Geats looked not upon him as a good man, nor did the lord of troops esteem him as of much worth on the mead-bench.

Then blood sprang forth from the wounds of the body. Meanwhile the famed in battle let the fallow mares leap and go faring forth to the contest, wherever the earth-ways seemed fair unto them and well known for their choiceness: and the thane of the king, he who was laden with many a vaunt, and was mindful of songs, and remembered a host of very many old sagas, he found other words, but bound by the truth.

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And they looked on Wiglaf; he the foot-warrior sat aweary near to the shoulders of his lord, and sought to rouse him by sprinkling water upon him, but he succeeded not at all. Then first was I ruling the Danish folk, and in my youthful days possessed the costly jewels, the treasure city of heroes.

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And may God be thanked, the eternal lord, that I lingered in life, till I looked with mine eyes on that head stained with sword-blood after the old strife. Do thou this day be patient in every kind of trouble as I also hope to be.' The old man leapt up and gave thanks to God, the mighty Lord, for the words of Beowulf. And may God be thanked, the eternal lord, that I lingered in life, till I looked with mine eyes on that head stained with sword-blood after the old strife.

Nor could any man in the world reproach him for that reward, since they had gained glory by fighting; and he gave to Eofor his only daughter, she who graced his homestead, to wed as a favour.

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And may God be thanked, the eternal lord, that I lingered in life, till I looked with mine eyes on that head stained with sword-blood after the old strife. And then he looked on the hall, and turned to the wall. And there was the monster at grips with him, yet he remembered the main strength the wide and ample gift which God gave to him, and trusted in the favour of the Almighty for himself, for comfort and help by which he vanquished the enemy and overcame the hell-sprite.

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And then he looked on the hall, and turned to the wall. The lady of the Helmings went round about every one of the youthful warriors, and proffered the costly cup, until the time came that the ring-adorned Queen, most excellent in spirit, bore the mead-cup then to Beowulf.

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The lord of the Geats (Hygelac) son of Hrethel, rewarded with very costly gifts the battle onset of Eofor and Wulf when he got back to his palace, and bestowed upon each of them a hundred thousand, of land and locked rings.

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Then the young noble looked on the giant's work as he sat on a seat musing by the cliff wall, how arches of rock, firmly on columns held the eternal earth-house within.

And he began to throw water upon him, until the power of speech broke through his mind, and Beowulf spake, and with sorrow he looked upon the hoard.

Then blood sprang forth from the wounds of the body.

The flood boiled with blood and with hot gore (the folk looked upon it).

There shall a man covered with sins be biding a mickle doom as the shining Creator will prescribe.' Then was the man silent, the son of Ecglaf, in his boasting speech about deeds of battle, when the Athelings looked at the hand high up on the roof, by the craft of the earl, and the fingers of the foe, there before each one. And they looked on Wiglaf; he the foot-warrior sat aweary near to the shoulders of his lord, and sought to rouse him by sprinkling water upon him, but he succeeded not at all.

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And well nigh every councillor throughout all the world remembered him well.

Then he who had sought elsewhere more at large a resting-place, a bed after bower, was easily found when he was shown and told most truly, by the token so clear, the hate of the hell-thane. His sinews sprang open; and the bone-lockers burst.

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And he began to throw water upon him, until the power of speech broke through his mind, and Beowulf spake, and with sorrow he looked upon the hoard. And by him stood drinking-cups and flagons, and dishes were lying there and a costly sword, all rusty and eaten through as though they had rested a thousand winters in the bosom of the earth.

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And there was the monster at grips with him, yet he remembered the main strength the wide and ample gift which God gave to him, and trusted in the favour of the Almighty for himself, for comfort and help by which he vanquished the enemy and overcame the hell-sprite.

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Then said an old spear-warrior who remembered all that had happened, the death of men by spears (his mind was grim), and he began with sorrowful mind to seek out the thought of the young champion by broodings of the heart, and to awaken the war-bales, and this is what he said: "Canst thou recognize, my friend, the dire sword which thy father carried to the battle, under the visored helm, on that last journey, when the Danes slew him and had the battle-field in their power, when Withergyld lay dead after the fall of the heroes? Hrothgar spake and

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Then the young noble looked on the giant's work as he sat on a seat musing by the cliff wall, how arches of rock, firmly on columns held the eternal earth-house within. And in the earth-house were all kinds of ancient treasures, such as I know not what man of great thoughts had hidden there in days of old, the immense heirlooms of some noble race, costly treasures. The lord of the Geats (Hygelac) son of Hrethel, rewarded with very costly gifts the battle onset of Eofor and Wulf when he got back to his palace, and bestowed upon each of them a hundred thousand, of land and locked rings.

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His sinews sprang open; and the bone-lockers burst.

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Then said an old spear-warrior who remembered all that had happened, the death of men by spears (his mind was grim), and he began with sorrowful mind to seek out the thought of the young champion by broodings of the heart, and to awaken the war-bales, and this is what he said: "Canst thou recognize, my friend, the dire sword which thy father carried to the battle, under the visored helm, on that last journey, when the Danes slew him and had the battle-field in their power, when Withergyld lay dead after the fall of the heroes?

His sinews sprang open; and the bone-lockers burst.

Then the young noble looked on the giant's work as he sat on a seat musing by the cliff wall, how arches of rock, firmly on columns held the eternal earth-house within. And there was the monster at grips with him, yet he remembered the main strength the wide and ample gift which God gave to him, and trusted in the favour of the Almighty for himself, for comfort and help by which he vanquished the enemy and overcame the hell-sprite. There shall a man covered with sins be biding a mickle doom as the shining Creator will prescribe.' Then was the man silent, the son of Ecglaf, in his boasting speech about deeds of battle, when the Athelings looked at the hand high up on the roof, by the craft of the earl, and the fingers of the foe, there before each one. And he began to throw water upon him, until the power of speech broke through his mind, and Beowulf spake, and with sorrow he looked upon the hoard.

And by him stood drinking-cups and flagons, and dishes were lying there and a costly sword, all rusty and eaten through as though they had rested a thousand winters in the bosom of the earth.

Nor could any man in the world reproach him for that reward, since they had gained glory by fighting; and he gave to Eofor his only daughter, she who graced his homestead, to wed as a favour.

And he began to throw water upon him, until the power of speech broke through his mind, and Beowulf spake, and with sorrow he looked upon the hoard.

And well nigh every councillor throughout all the world remembered him well.

Meanwhile the famed in battle let the fallow mares leap and go faring forth to the contest, wherever the earth-ways seemed fair unto them and well known for their choiceness: and the thane of the king, he who was laden with many a vaunt, and was mindful of songs, and remembered a host of very many old sagas, he found other words, but bound by the truth. Then first was I ruling the Danish folk, and in my youthful days possessed the costly jewels, the treasure city of heroes. Hrothgar spake and looked upon the hilt, the old heirloom on which was written the beginning of the ancient feud since the flood, the all-embracing ocean slew the giant race, when they bore themselves presumptuously.

And well nigh every councillor throughout all the world remembered him well.

And he began to throw water upon him, until the power of speech broke through his mind, and Beowulf spake, and with sorrow he looked upon the hoard.

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Then the creature bereft of all joy came to the great hall, and the door, strongly bound with fire-bands, soon sprang open at his touch.

Then said an old spear-warrior who remembered all that had happened, the death of men by spears (his mind was grim), and he began with sorrowful mind to seek out the thought of the young champion by broodings of the heart, and to awaken the war-bales, and this is what he said: "Canst thou recognize, my friend, the dire sword which thy father carried to the battle, under the visored helm, on that last journey, when the Danes slew him and had the battle-field in their power, when Withergyld lay dead after the fall of the heroes? Nor could any man in the world reproach him for that reward, since they had gained glory by fighting; and he gave to Eofor his only daughter, she who graced his homestead, to wed as a favour. Then the creature bereft of all joy came to the great hall, and the door, strongly bound with fire-bands, soon sprang open at his touch.

Then blood sprang forth from the wounds of the body.

And then he looked on the hall, and turned to the wall.

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Then blood sprang forth from the wounds of the body.

His body sprang apart when after his death he suffered a stroke, a hard battle-swing; and then he struck off his head. Do thou this day be patient in every kind of trouble as I also hope to be.'

The old man leapt up and gave thanks to God, the mighty Lord, for the words of Beowulf.

His body sprang apart when after his death he suffered a stroke, a hard battle-swing; and then he struck off his head.

His sinews sprang open; and the bone-lockers burst.

And may God be thanked, the eternal lord, that I lingered in life, till I looked with mine eyes on that head stained with sword-blood after the old strife.

It is the heirloom of Hrethel the work of Weland ; and let Weird go as it will.' Hrothgar gave answer, the protector of the Danes: 'O my friend Beowulf, now thou hast sought us, for defence and for favour.

Hrothgar spake and looked upon the hilt, the old heirloom on which was written the beginning of the ancient feud since the flood, the all-embracing ocean slew the giant race, when they bore themselves presumptuously. Meanwhile the famed in battle let the fallow mares leap and go faring forth to the contest, wherever the earth-ways seemed fair unto them and well known for their choiceness: and the thane of the king, he who was laden with many a vaunt, and was mindful of songs, and remembered a host of very many old sagas, he found other words, but bound by the truth.

And then he looked on the hall, and turned to the wall.

And there was the monster at grips with him, yet he remembered the main strength the wide and ample gift which God gave to him, and trusted in the favour of the Almighty for himself, for comfort and help by which he vanquished the enemy and overcame the hell-sprite.

And he began to throw water upon him, until the power of speech broke through his mind, and Beowulf spake, and with sorrow he looked upon the hoard.

Hrothgar spake and looked upon the hilt, the old heirloom on which was written the beginning of the ancient feud since the flood, the all-embracing ocean slew the giant race, when they bore themselves presumptuously. Then he called to mind the favour that he (Beowulf) had bestowed upon him in days of yore, the costly dwelling of the Waegmundings and all the folk-rights which his father had possessed.

And may God be thanked, the eternal lord, that I lingered in life, till I looked with mine eyes on that head stained with sword-blood after the old strife.

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And it is not farther hence than the space of a mile where standeth the lake, over which are hanging the frosted trees, their wood fast by the roots, and shadowing the water.

And then he looked on the hall, and turned to the wall.

The Danish Beowulf, the dear King of his people, was a long time renowned amongst the folk in the cities (his father, the Prince, had gone a-faring elsewhere from this world).

For long had he been despised, so that the warriors of the Geats looked not upon him as a good

man, nor did the lord of troops esteem him as of much worth on the mead-bench. His sinews sprang open; and the bone-lockers burst.

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Nor could any man in the world reproach him for that reward, since they had gained glory by fighting; and he gave to Eofor his only daughter, she who graced his homestead, to wed as a favour. Then he who had sought elsewhere more at large a resting-place, a bed after bower, was easily found when he was shown and told most truly, by the token so clear, the hate of the hell-thane.

Then blood sprang forth from the wounds of the body.

Then he called to mind the favour that he (Beowulf) had bestowed upon him in days of yore, the costly dwelling of the Waegmundings and all the folk-rights which his father had possessed. And after his death-day a no little fame sprang up for Sigmund when he, the hard in battle, killed the worm, the guardian of the hoard.

Then the creature bereft of all joy came to the great hall, and the door, strongly bound with fire-bands, soon sprang open at his touch. Then blood sprang forth from the wounds of the body.

And it is not farther hence than the space of a mile where standeth the lake, over which are hanging the frosted trees, their wood fast by the roots, and shadowing the water.

There shall a man covered with sins be biding a mickle doom as the shining Creator will prescribe.' Then was the man silent, the son of Ecglaf, in his boasting speech about deeds of battle, when the Athelings looked at the hand high up on the roof, by the craft of the earl, and the fingers of the foe, there before each one.

And he began to throw water upon him, until the power of speech broke through his mind, and Beowulf spake, and with sorrow he looked upon the hoard.

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Then blood sprang forth from the wounds of the body. Right soon the proud warriors, they who with Hrothgar, looked forth on the sea, could easily see, that the surging water was all stained with blood and the grey-haired ancients spoke together about the good man, that they deemed not the Atheling would ever again come seeking the famous Prince Hrothgar glorying in victory, for it seemed unto many that the sea-wolf had destroyed him.

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